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## SLEEPIN' AT THE FOOT

and Other Poems

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By Rev. Martin Shepherd Brown

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Memorial Edition



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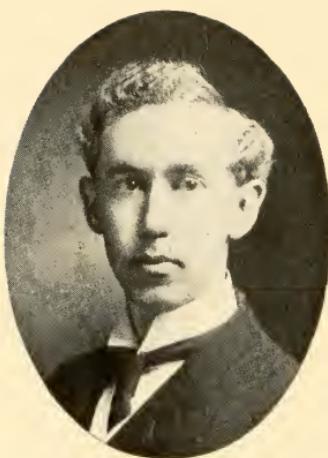












Rev. Martin Shepherd Brown.

# “SLEEPIN’ AT THE FOOT”

AND OTHER POEMS

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By REV. MARTIN SHEPHERD BROWN

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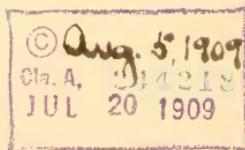
MEMORIAL EDITION

Collected by

MRS. JENNIE MARIE BROWN

1909

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## BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Martin Shepherd Brown was born on a farm near English, Crawford County, Indiana, January 5, 1877. He was educated in the common schools of his native county and graduated from the English high school in 1894. He afterward spent some time in study at the Ohio Valley Normal College at Corydon, Indiana, and was afterward a student at Indiana University.

He was for a good number of years both a public and high school teacher in southern Indiana, and in Oklahoma. Then he taught art and bookkeeping in Indianapolis. He was for several years during his vacations an institute instructor in art and music in Indiana and Oklahoma. He was a lecturer and cartoonist of no mean ability. But it was in his calling as a minister of the gospel that he was destined to win renown, having refused tempting offers as a cartoonist to devote his life to his Master's service.

Trained in a Christian home, he was converted early in life, and at the age of fourteen he united with the M. E. Church, of which he was long a faithful member.

At the age of twenty-six he was led to devote his life to the Christian ministry in his church.

His first charge was on the Acton circuit in the Indiana Conference, in which charge he spent nearly three years of arduous toil, in which time he led 300 into the church. His next work was at Riley, Indiana, where he was even more successful.

He was ordained to the ministry in 1908. He was married to Miss Jennie Showalter, of Acton, Indiana, June 27, 1906.

After over two years of work in his last field he was taken ill, and after four weeks of intense suffering he was released from his labors and passed into a well-earned rest on the Sabbath day, January 31, 1909.

In life he was always congenial and made friends wherever he went. Though he was in the ministry but five years, probably but few men have had a more successful ministry than he, and but few left behind more friends to mourn his loss.



## DEDICATION.

"I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord.  
"He that believeth in me shall not perish, but have  
everlasting life."

He who penned the following lines has passed to his reward, and we present them to the public as a memorial to his life and work. To the memory of a loving husband and tenderest friend these pages are most affectionately dedicated by his wife.

JENNIE MARIE BROWN.



## SLEEPIN' AT THE FOOT.

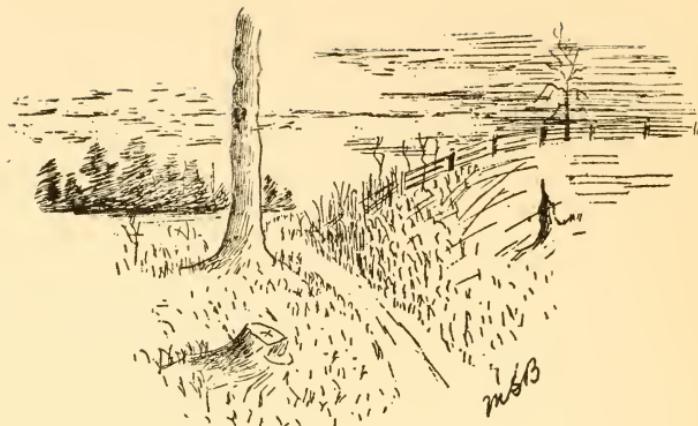
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma—  
Reckon I don't rickollect?—Ah law!  
An' you can't imagine how good it seems  
To jist go back there in my dreams  
To the ol' loghouse an' set an' muse  
By the ol' fireplace—nen take a snooze  
On the ol' cord-bed, an' "saw an' saw"  
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma—  
Think I'm afraid in the dark then? Pshaw!  
Not afraid of a grizzly bear,  
Ner the biggest ghost that's anywhere!  
Tucked up warm at the foot of the bed—  
Druther sleep there than up at the head,  
It makes no difference if feathers or straw  
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!  
With Pa's big heel ag'in' my jaw,  
Dreamin' again of childhood days  
Livin' again the boyish ways—  
Sweetest of all of life to me!  
Fondest of all in memory!  
When troubles of life I ne'er forsaw—  
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!  
An' how I'd love to see her draw  
The kivers back so soft and grand  
An' nen to feel her gentle hand  
A liftin' me—an' hear her speak  
An' feel her warm lips on my cheek—  
The happiest moment I ever saw—  
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!  
Safe from winter's winds so raw,  
Safe from the howling storms of life  
Safe from the world with all its strife.  
O how I wish I might steal once more  
Back through the past to the ol' log door  
An' shut myself in for a night an' draw  
My soul up snugly with Pa an' Ma!



### TO THE OLD DEAD TREE ON THE HILL.

All my life I've watched you standing  
In the meadow on the hill,  
And you've always looked so lonesome  
With your branches cold and still.

Oft I've stood as twilight gathered,  
When the sky was tinged with gray,  
With attentive ear, and longing  
Just to know what you would say.

Can't you tell to me the story  
Of your life so long ago?  
What has brought to you this sorrow?  
For I wonder why it's so.

"If you'll listen, I will tell you  
What I often do repeat,  
All this trouble that you speak of  
Is a story true and sweet.

"Years ago a little acorn,  
That had fallen from its cup,  
Lay upon the mosses sleeping,  
And was gently covered up.

“This was in the time of Autumn,  
When the robe of faded hue,  
Like an old forsaken garment,  
Lay all wrinkled in the dew.

“Through the winter’s cold it slumbered,  
But in spring it sprang to life;  
Then began its songs of Nature—  
Songs which mock all human strife.

“Years and years it grew still larger  
Till it stood a spreading tree,  
Bearing only one sweet message;  
This is how I came to be.

“But *you* see me here all lonely  
And you wonder why it’s so;  
It was man that made me lonely  
Not so many years ago.

“Yet my life has long been taken,  
And my boughs, though bare and cold,  
Have been spared to tell the story  
Which to me is never old.

“Many sweet and pleasant fables  
Could I tell you of the dell;  
Many sighs and laughs and whispers  
Of the wood-land could I tell.

“But I gave this life of beauty,  
As a sacrifice alone,  
And revealed the end of living  
Which all Nature must atone.

“This the message then I’ll tell you:  
Make your life both true and grand;  
When your life is taken from you  
On the hill-top you may stand.”

Dear old oak, thy words of wisdom  
    Make grateful thoughts within me rise;  
Where'er I roam this wide world over  
    May I see thee pictured 'gainst the skies.

When the evening shadows deepen—  
    Night draws near so cold and still,  
May my memory be left standing  
    Like the Dead Tree on the Hill.



## JESUS WILL BE WITH ME.

Some day when the shadows deepen  
O'er the pathway which I tread,  
I shall know my Lord is near me,  
With his love around me spread.  
I shall feel his touch most tender  
On my brow, and hear him say,  
"Do not fear, my child, I love thee,  
I am with thee all the way."

When I enter that dark valley  
Where no friend can go with me;  
When I hear the breakers beating  
From the vast eternity;  
Just to know that Thou art with me,  
Jesus, master of the sea,  
With thy tender smile of welcome,  
Will a joy forever be.

As I reach the golden harbor  
And the darkness flees away,  
Heaven's angels there will bid me  
Welcome to eternal day.  
Earthly sorrows all forgotten,  
Sin and darkness all are o'er—  
With the children's voices singing  
Heaven's joys forever more.

When I stand in that fair city  
With the dear ones who are there,  
And receive a crown of beauty,  
May my Lord its glory share;  
For 'twas he in old Judea  
Suffered death and cruel shame,  
Then let Heaven sing his glory  
And the angels praise his name.

## LICKIN' THE SPOON.

I love to think of boyhood,  
With its barefoot days of glee,  
An' pawpaw, whoops an' whistles,  
An' its haws an' sarvis tree;  
But how about that castor oil?—  
I won't forget that soon—  
With six big drops of turpentine  
'Nen haft to lick the spoon.

Now, of course, a lump of sugar  
Is a mighty help in haste,  
When yer taking paragorick  
So's to sorter take the taste;  
But a barrel of sugar wouldn't  
Take the taste away by noon,  
When it comes to takin' castor  
An' ye haft to lick the spoon.

Ner it done no good to mix it,  
Like I've seen some people do,  
In a teacupful of coffee  
Er a maple-syrup stew,  
Fer you'd allus git the castor—  
Yes, an' taste it mighty soon,  
An' it weren't a bit the better  
Than t' haft to lick the spoon.

Lots o' times I've thought the reason  
That so many people look  
So puny-like an' sickly,  
Is because they never took  
Their dose jist like they'd ort to—  
Kinder waitin' on the moon,  
Er something else, I reckon,  
'Stid of lickin' out the spoon.

'Course I ain't a givin' lectures  
'Bout the way to cure the sick,  
Er a sellin' of a remedy  
To kill a pain right quick;  
Yit I never knowed a treatment  
That would cure so awful soon  
But what afore 't was over with  
They had to lick the spoon.

So when the dose is bitter  
An' we've got to take it down,  
Les shet our eyes an' swaller  
An' without a gag or frown;  
Cause the world has got its sorrows  
Fur us all, both night an' noon,  
But I'm sure we'll come out better  
If we'll bravely lick the spoon.



## MUSINGS OF OLD UNCLE NED.

Things ain't like they used to be,  
They've ruther changed to mystery,  
And every pleasure that once did seem  
Of mine to be, is but a dream.  
I've traveled long this path of life  
That's filled with contentions and strife;  
And yet, whene'er I think to die  
There's somthiin' nuther seems to tie  
My heart, which now in rapture thrills,  
To the wood and glen and forest-hills.  
But now the music of the bird  
Is not to me as once I heard;  
The songs that once did give relief  
Are battling now with untold grief.  
When now I come to view the place  
Where loved ones met me face to face;  
When now I see the home so well  
Where dearest friend I bade farewell,  
I look to Him whom oft I've told  
That He my sorrows may behold.  
When all the world seemed cold and still  
He did his promises fulfill;  
And as my sorrows are but great,  
I will but look to Him and wait.

I see once more the home of youth,  
The blessed smiles of love and truth.  
The love-light gathers round the hearth  
Mingled with unmolested mirth;  
Foot-steps soft and voices sweet  
That often did my coming greet.  
Alas! how changed and different all!  
Sweet summer leaves must sere and fall.  
Each place that's vacant round the stone  
Is now most brilliant round the throne.  
And as my years are speeding by  
I'll live in faith to meet on high.

## OUT IN OKLAHOMA.

It's jis' the same ol' sun a-shinin'  
Out here, peers lik, as it wuz  
When we left ol' Indiany—  
I don' know—sometimes it does  
Seem, perhaps, a leetle warmer—  
Maby I'm mistaken, though,  
But there's one thing purty sartin—  
Beats all how the wind can blow!

Blow, did I say? Well, I reckon!  
Why, by gum! I've run my hat  
Every day sence we've ben out here—  
Now I don' know where it's at.  
Course, I s'pose I'll git to like it  
Out here maby—I don' know—  
Crops is good, and so's the neighbors  
Beats all how the wind can blow!

W'y, the first day we got out here,  
It wuz jis' so nice an still  
I tol' Marthy an' the chilern  
'At we'd seed our last big hill;  
Course, I don' know what she's thinkin'—  
Marthy allus was right slow  
'Bout complainin'—Well, she did say  
"Beats all how the wind can blow!"

The trouble is, it's too oncertain;  
Now like yesterday I thought  
I'd take a load of cobs to Newton's  
Nen bring back a stove I'd bought.  
An' before I got my horses  
More 'an half-way hitched to go  
Saw a big ol' "norther" comin'—  
Beats all how the wind can blow!

Oh! I guess we'll jis' stay out here.  
Sowed two forties down in wheat,  
Think next year I'll try some cotton—  
Oklahoma can't be beat.  
All ye do to crops is plant 'em,  
Nen jis' set an' watch 'em grow;  
Course, there's some things not so pleasant;  
Beats all how the wind can blow!

### MATILDA.

W'y, she won't way more'n ninty!  
Er a hundred at 'er best,  
But I somehow keep a thinkin'  
'At she's better'n all the rest.  
Course I know now there's Susanar—  
Jist as good as she can be,  
An' there's Eveline an' Dor'thy—  
Jist plum full of fun an' glee,  
But there's something 'bout Matilda—  
I don't know, sometimes it seems  
'At I think so much about 'er,  
I can see 'er in my dreams.  
After all she aint so purty  
Ner she doesn't dress so fine,  
But there's somethin' 'bout her actin'  
'At jist takes these eyes o' mine.  
Wisht you'd see 'er when she's milkin'  
With 'er mother's big ol' shawl  
On 'er head—an' that blue apern—  
Nen I wish you'd hear 'er call  
When the cows are in the pasture—  
Don't ye know, I sometimes think  
When I'm in the field a plowin'  
I can hear 'er callin' "Pink."  
Wisht you'd sometimes hear 'er singin'  
Er a readin' from a book  
Er a hummin' in the kitchen  
When she's startin' in to cook.

Yes, er even hear 'er laughin'—  
    Why I do jist wish ye could—  
'Bout some joke 'er somethin' 'r other  
    I jist b'lieve it'd do ye good.  
But sometime when you are weary  
    When your soul is full of grief,  
When your heart is almost broken  
    An' ye long to find relief,  
Nen I wish you'd see 'er smilin'  
    With such gentleness an' cheer,  
See 'er eyes so soft an' tender,  
    Hear 'er voice so soft an' clear,  
Nen you'd see some teardrops fallin'  
    As they used to fall fer me  
An' you'd feel 'er gentle spirit  
    With its love an' sympathy.  
I jist gess that's why I love 'er—  
    I can't tell—I wisht I could,  
Why she's best, unless the reason  
    Is, because she's jist so good.



## A MOST PECULIAR MUSE.

I took my book an' pencil—  
Thought I'd stroll out through the wood  
Till my soul 'us full of music  
Then I'd write up somethin' good.  
Fur the papers, when they git it—  
Well, unless yer piece is fit  
To put right up in printin',  
That's the last ye'll see of it.

So I walked out through the medder,  
Where the grasses whispered low,  
An' the golden-rods 'us noddin',  
Where the cat-tails used to grow.  
An' I heard the tall Vernonia  
Sing a love-song to the tree,  
An' I tell ye that their music  
Wus as sweet as it could be.

Down the ol' road, roun' the hillside,  
Then I wandered carelessly  
To the deep an' shaded lowland,  
Where I loved so much to be;  
Where I used to love to linger,  
Till my boyish soul 'ud git  
Jist so full of nature's music  
I can purtny feel it yit.

How all nature seemed to thrill me,  
As my soul 'us filled with joy.  
An' again the happy moments  
Come to me as when a boy!  
How I longed to write the story.  
As I then set down to rest,  
When my soul was lifted higher  
By a yeller-jacket's nest!!!!

## BROTHER "DICK."

I often think of brother "Dick"  
An' sometimes jist git plum homesick  
    To see 'im now agin.  
An' once 'n a while I take a bawl,  
An' I don' know but after all  
    As 'at's a great big sin.

Of course we aint so fur away  
But what I could most any day  
    Go visit him an' "Joe."  
But somehow, sir, I allus wuz  
So chicken hearted that it does  
    Seem hard to plum outgrow.

Ye see now, Dick an' me wuz all  
The boys Pap had, an' long las' fall  
    Dick thought he'd try the South,  
Fur crops had been so awful bad  
They weren't no one up here that had  
    A thing left from the drouth—

An' I don' know but what it's best  
Fur a feller to sorter steal his nest  
    Off som'ers anyway.  
Fur the chicken 'at stays 'round where 'e 'us hatched  
Won't find many bugs where the old'ns scratched,  
    That is, enough to pay.

An' nein whenever ye try to crow  
If yer off somewhere, wy don't ye know  
    They'll not be doubtin yer stock  
An' call ye a "Bantam" an' shew ye down,  
But every feller 'at comes aroun'  
    'Ill say yer a "Plymouth Rock."

I guess Dick's doin' well enough,  
The way the papers kinder puff  
    About 'im since 'e went.  
But whether they puff er not, it's Dick  
To jis git down an' work an' stick  
    An' never keer a cent.

An' 'at jis makes me think of how  
The feller ust to work an' plow  
    Before he's even strong.  
An' how he chopped an' labored so  
A carryin' back-logs thru the snow  
    When Pap wuz sick so long.

Dick, I jis can't help it if I do  
Happen to tell I'm proud o' you  
    Sence you've clim up so grand.  
An' if it wer'nt fur people now  
A talk'in, I'd jis tell ye how  
    I'd love to shake yer hand.



## MY FATHER.

To whose noble heart these lines are most sacredly dedicated on his sixty-first birthday, March 29, 1903.

I think of you, dear father, now  
So oft since we're apart,  
And feel the tender cord that binds  
Me to your noble heart;  
I think of all you've borne for me  
Through all these years so true,  
Then why should I once hesitate  
To tell my love for you!

You, who held me in your arms  
So oft in tender years,  
And planned for me a noble life  
With prayers and bitter tears;  
You, who taught me by your own  
A life so pure and sweet—  
Should not I hold sacred e'er  
The steps of your dear feet!

And when I think of how your lot  
Has been so filled with pain  
And how affliction held you so,  
My heart is touched again;  
For oft I've seen the tear-drops fall  
From your fond eyes so dear,  
And saw the manly struggle that  
Has kept you with us here.

But nobly you have borne it all,  
So patient you have been,  
And though your body's wrecked and weak,  
Yet still so pure within  
Is your sweet life of *hope* and *love*  
So precious to us all,  
So full of Heaven's peace and joy  
That waits the Master's call.

God bless your dear old heart today,  
And may *His* tender grace  
Still grant to us through other years  
The light of your sweet face.  
And may your manly spirit be  
With us to guide and cheer,  
As oft it has so nobly done  
In days to us most dear.

But should we never meet again,  
Dear father, oh! how sweet  
Will be the happy greeting when  
We meet at Jesus' feet!  
For there no pain shall ever come  
To mar the peace and love  
Of that fair land where beauty dwells,  
In Heaven's bright land above!



## A LETTER TO SISTER MINNIE.

Ben a thinkin' 'bout ye, Minnie,  
Thought we'd write most every day,  
Cause we know'd ye'd be so lonesome  
Sence the other gals wuz 'way.  
But somehow we kep neglectun  
And we jist plumb put it off  
Till we're 'shamed purtny to write ye,  
Course I've had an offil cough.

Marth and me have been a thinkin'—  
Course we know'd ye had a home  
There with mother 'n pap, a teachin',  
But we loud ye liked to come  
When yer school wuz out and see us,  
If you thought you'd like it here—  
Marthy said you's jist as welcome  
As you could be—It aint fur.

Wy, we've ben here now I reckon  
Right close on to thirteen year—  
Guess we've done right well considerin';  
Course we're not fixed up out here  
Like we wuz in Indiany—  
Lumber cost so much ye know,  
We aint got our house quite finished—  
You can put up with it, though.

Marthy said she had a feller  
Picked out fur ye when ye come—  
Kind a bachelor, I reckon—  
I don't know jist where he's frum.  
Think he come here 'long in August,  
Er—September, guess it wuz—  
He's alright—I guess he's forty.  
Work? Well you jis' bet he does!

Write and tell us when ye're comin',  
Anyhow a day er so  
'Fore ye start so's we can meet ye.  
Archie says he's goin' to go  
To the train with me an' Marthy  
So you'll get to see his suit—  
Got it Monday when I's over  
To the farmers' institute.

I don't guess you'd hardly know 'im  
Now—he's gettin' up so tall  
'At we can't keep clos' to fit him.  
My! and learnin'—W'y last fall  
Had to get a new Third Reader;  
And I ekspect this year he'll need  
'Nother book, for someway 'r other  
Seems like he jis' loves to read.

Well I guess I'll stop, and tell ye  
All about it when ye come,  
And I ekspect, too, maby Marthy  
Will be fixed for talkin' some.  
Tell pap I said him and mother  
Had to come next time, and see  
How we live in Oklahoma—  
'Taint much like it ust to be.

## WHININ'.

Uv all the mortal ailin's  
That's a pesterin' the race,  
An' them that's downright ketchin'  
When you stop an' kinder trace  
The symptoms uv 'em keerful,  
S'as to know you're in the right,  
A case of plain-out whinin'  
Puts 'em all plum out of sight.

I kin put up with gruntin'  
If it's toothache er a bile  
Er someone's feelin' puny—  
But if you jis want to rile  
My dander up to business  
Till ye git me out of line.  
When they haint a thing a hurtin'  
Let some feller start a whine.

Er some ol' woman either,  
Fur it's jist the same ol' whine,  
'Cept it's keyed a little higher  
S'as to show it's feminine—  
Kinder what you'd call surpranner,  
Sometimes alto, too, I guess,  
Nen when mixed with bass an' tenor  
It makes music I confess.

I sometimes think it's catchin'  
If yer 'mongst it very much;  
Er a sociatin' with it—  
I've seed cases of jist such,  
Where it peered to run in famlies  
Er at times, a neighborhood,  
'An the children all 'ud take it  
Till they'd break out with it good.

An' somehow them 'at got it  
Never seem to get plum well.  
They's more or less of symptoms  
Allus plain enough to tell

That poison's still a lurkin'  
In the system some'r's yit,  
A waitin' fur a fever  
Jist to agg it on a bit.

It might be vaccination  
Would be good in helping out—  
To keep the thing from spreadin',  
But I think, beyond a doubt,  
As long as they is people  
On this side the judgment line,  
They'll be a few amongst 'em  
That'll allus keep a whine.

I think a dose of gospel  
In the good ol' fashioned style—  
Before it's been diluted—  
Frum the contents of the vial  
Where God has done the mixin'  
Once for all the human race,  
When took by His directions  
Will affect most any case.



## WHEN GRAN'PA COMES.

When gran'pa comes he always brings  
Cakes an' candy an' lots o' things,  
An' takes us up on his knee an' sings,  
    Nen hums—  
    When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he talks and talks,  
An' tells about a horse 'at balks,  
An' shows how old man Higgins walks,  
    Nen hums—  
    When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he always feeds  
An' helps us thrash out mustard-seed,  
Nen washes an' combs an' sets an' reads  
    An' hums—  
    When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he sets up late  
An' makes me pictures on my slate,  
An' makes crowfoots an' dolls for Kate,  
    Nen hums—  
    When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes next time, I'll get  
To take another ride an' set  
With him up where he drives ol' "Bet,"  
    An' hums—  
    When gran'pa comes.

## THE OL' BOOT-JACK.

It's been a long time sence them days  
When Mother 'n Pap 'us alive  
An' all us chilern 'us little tads  
When Ed wern't more 'an five.  
An' don't ye know now ever time  
I let my mind go back,  
I somehow jist can't help but think  
About the ol' boot-jack.

W'y law! I can see the ol' fireplace  
With its bright an' cheery glow  
An' all us chilern settin' 'round  
The ol' harth in a row—  
Nen afterwhile you'd hear Pap say,  
"Come now, les all push back—  
It's time we's all in bed—an' Tom,  
Bring in the ol' boot-jack."

But pore ol' Pap—I wish I could  
Jist hear 'im talk again  
An' hear 'im tellin' jokes an' laugh,  
An' see 'im set an' grin,  
An' nen see Mother hang the pot  
An' stuff the ol' door-crack,  
An' set an' knit an' watch us when  
We used the ol' boot-jack.

An' my! but how I loved to put  
My heels within its grip  
An' nen jist set back plum full tilt  
An' feel my ol' boot slip,  
An' nen ketch hold of Granny's chur  
To keep from fallun back—  
Say! I'd pull 'em off right now. I b'lieve,  
'F I had the ol' boot-jack.

I often think of them good times  
That seem so sweet to me,  
When nuthin come about to spile  
The hours of fun an' glee;  
An' ever time I git a chance  
To wander o'er the track,  
I want to stop an' stay all night  
An' use the ol' boot-jack.

#### NO WELCOME.

The Master called in childhood,  
In life's sweet, golden day,  
When love knew not a sorrow—  
He called—and went away.

Again, in youth He whispered,  
When spring had reached it's May  
Of flowers, song and sunshine—  
He called—but went away.

He called in life's fair moontime,  
To cheer the heart's dismay,  
'Mid toil and pain and longing—  
He called—and went away.

At evening, in the twilight,  
With hope's last fading ray  
He lingered, sad, heart-broken—  
He called—and went away.

## WHEN YE GIT BACK WHERE YER KNOWED.

I've been away from home a heep.  
But sometimes I jist git  
So awful homesick all at once,  
I can't git rid of it.  
No matter what I'm workin' at  
Er how my wealth has growed  
They hain't a thing 'll help me  
Till I git back where I'm knowed.

Ye see it makes a feller feel  
Jis' like he's young again  
To git back to the same ol' woods  
'At he 'us raised up in;  
To meet an' shake hands with his friends  
An' schoolmates who have growed  
Plum till ye couldn't tell 'em  
When ye git back where yer knowed.

There's somethin' kinder solemn-like  
About it when ye think  
Of how ye used to lay down at  
The ol' spring branch an' drink;  
An' how ye climbed the steep hillside  
To roll down rocks, an' throw'd  
At birds an' trees an' hornets  
When ye lived back where yer knowed.

I love the happy days of youth  
I love each bird an' tree,  
An' every foot of mossy earth  
Is sacred yit to me;  
An' oft I hear the echoes clear  
Of boyish voices throw'd  
From hillsides over meadows  
Like I used to where I's knowed.

An' when the weary pathway seems  
Too steep for me to tread  
An' life with all its burdens seems  
Too hard, I want instead  
To go back in my memory  
Beside the shady road  
An' smell the woods an' clover,  
Like I used to where I's knowed.

## NATURE.

Nature fashions, we may say,  
In some silent mystic way,  
All her robes of grand array,  
    Which she wears.  
And before the coming morn,  
Has arrived with toil and scorn,  
Treads the pathway to adorn  
    All our cares.

As the evening shadows still  
O'er the meadows and the hill,  
Then she whispers to the rill  
    In the dale;  
And she trains the little bird  
In a language not of word,  
How to sing the songs we heard  
    From the vale.

Did you ever see her dressed  
When you thought she looked the best,  
Not forgetting all the rest,  
    She once wore?  
Do you think she looks in style,  
As she passes down the aisle,  
With her same sweet pleasant smile  
    As before?

Were you ever made rejoice  
By the sweetness of her voice,  
With your loneliness your choice,  
    Unaware!  
As you walked across the field  
Did you ever pause to yield  
To the beauties she revealed  
    Everywhere?

I have looked into the sky,  
When the clouds were heaped up high  
And I saw her passing by  
    On her throne.

And along the rough old lane,  
Where I'd like to play again,  
She, I know, did "use" to reign,  
    All alone.

When I wandered o'er the wold,  
All thy glories to behold,  
Something came and whispered bold,  
    Like an elf;  
And returning by the glen,  
Like the rambling of the wren,  
Looked into the pool and then—  
    Saw myself.

Nature fashions, we may say,  
If we'll only take her way,  
All our lives from day to day,  
    By her own.  
And the truth that's everywhere  
Will bespeak our every care,  
And her glories we will share  
    On our throne.



## THE EARTH.

Far out is stretched thy rugged form from zone to zone,  
Upon her mystic throne,  
Where sweetest notes refrain,  
And every dell in whispers doth complain;  
Where golden sunbeams seek and find domain,  
Queen Nature rules supreme,  
And untold millions creep and struggle through life's dream.

'Tis here the birds and beasts attend the brook's repine,  
All homage to Divine,  
The gift which Nature owes,  
By landscape's beauty at the evening's close;  
And voices of the twilight in repose,  
Be done e'en by the grave,  
And yet in silence like the moon-beam, gentle, suave.

The wondrous hills and vales, the mighty fall relate,  
Yet doomed be thy fate;  
The sweetest notes are borne,  
From glen and bough and shady nook forlorn;  
And purest gems from Flora do adorn  
Thy brow with tender smiles,  
And yet thy furrowed visage untold years beguiles.

The mountain peaks, like spires above thy cities rise;  
Ascending to the skies,  
The smoky volumes burst,  
Where fiery droughts have quenched the gorge's thirst;  
And village, field and forest were immersed,  
By flowing streams of fire,  
And thundering tones retire where tones alone retire.

Upon thy fields and plains encamp a mighty host;  
And like the sparkling frost,  
Upon the meadow gray,  
A wondrous fleet lies anchored in the bay;  
And cables thread the ocean far away,  
To bear thy people's thought,  
And stretching o'er thy face great wonders have been wrought.

This is the state of man. Behold him on his throne,  
Reigning from zone to zone;  
Nor does he lack for power  
But casts his face to heaven day and hour,  
Whence cometh wisdom like the summer shower,  
And like the torrents roll  
Eroding even to the cleansing of the soul.

Look up, proclaim, Oh smile, ye regions of my soul;  
Ye mountains of the pole  
Shake down your rugged walls  
And let the golden beams whose sweetness falls  
Once kiss the brook where darkness now entrals;  
Speak truth where vapors rise,  
For they, though wafted off, return to thy surprise.

#### DRANPA'S HOE.

Say, Uncle Martie, w'y don't you know  
You mus'n't bother Dranpa's hoe,  
Cause Dranpa, he—he said so.

An' don't you know, w'y Dranpa, he  
Said 'at you must' let it be  
So he can catch a mole, ye see.

Uncle Martie, d'you think moles is cute?  
An' haint they got the *sharpest* snoot,  
An' they can 'ist root an' root.

I tell ye the moles is awful bad—  
Dranpa sometimes looks plum mad  
An' says 'f they's all dead he'd be glad.

Wouldn't you hate to be a mole  
An' haft to just keep root'n a hole—  
I wouldn't do it to save your soul!

## MY GRANDFATHER'S COTTAGE.

When reflecting o'er life's early morning,  
O'er visions that once used to be,  
Like a stream from a pure flowing fountain,  
Come the memories that are sweet to me.

Among them the purest and brightest,  
That are written in memory's book,  
Is my grandfather's old log cottage,  
Just the way its used to look.

The pathway that led up the hillside,  
So steep and winding I see,  
The gate where we entered the pasture,  
And by it the old beech tree.

The barn that stood on the hill-top,  
And the peach trees as sentinels so near,  
Are pictures so plain and so vivid,  
That shall never from my mind disappear.

Oft have I thought of the garden,  
And the old fence around it so tall,  
And the gooseberry row in the center,  
Like a natural living wall.

Just west of the house was the orchard,  
With apples so pretty and red,  
And one kind, I remember especially,  
Were almost as large as my head.

When a boy 'twas the greatest of pleasures,  
And now 'tis a pleasure to tell,  
How I liked to turn the big roller,  
That drew the water up from the well.

The smoke-house, I surely must mention,  
The crib, I must not leave alone,  
And even just around the corner,  
The large old grinding-stone.

The cottage was old, old fashioned,  
With windows few and small,  
And steps so high and queer-looking,  
And a chimney so straight and tall.

The main room was warm and spacious,  
With a fire-place large and wide,  
And beyond this the bed-room and kitchen,  
And a porch at the southern side.

I liked to visit my grandpapa,  
He ate such peculiar bread,  
And always kept a whole keg of peanuts  
Away back under the bed.

My grandfather has moved to Carolina.  
The cotter has a different name,  
The buildings are partially destroyed  
And the surroundings are not just the same.

But though they be changed into castles,  
Into mansions, palaces or towers,  
Forever will I keep these as treasures  
Of childhood's most happy hours.



## THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BYE.

I often think of the days, dear boys,  
Of the happy days gone bye,  
When billows were not on the ocean,  
And clouds were not in the sky;  
When youthful minds were at liberty,  
When Nature was delightful to see.  
When the sun had risen before us  
To hasten us to eternity.

Could I bring back the days of my childhood,  
As memory recalls them to me,  
Innumerable are the enjoyments  
And many bright faces to see;  
Faces that once wore but gladness,  
That knew not the sorrows and cares  
That we meet on life's field of battle,  
And the pathway obstructed with snares.

Bring back to me songs of the woodland,  
Of the blue bird, the mocking bird and wren,  
Bring back those hours of ramble,  
Through forest, through valley and glen.  
The hum that comes from the reapers,  
The music so sweet from the rill,  
Come back like the echo of a bugle  
From the summit of a far distant hill.

The fragrance that comes from the orchard,  
The whispers so silent from the boughs,  
And the dew drop that falls from the blossom,  
A feeling of sublimity did arouse;  
The voices that come forth from Nature,  
From the meadows so damp and so gray,  
Like the music of a skillful musician,  
Poured forth their melodious lay.

The school house where once I delighted  
In games with my playmates so dear,  
Brings back to my memory enjoyments  
And voices I once loved to hear.

My school days are gone now forever,

My schoolmates I'll meet never more,  
But trust that I'll meet them at roll call  
In mansions on the opposite shore.

They are gone, the days of most pleasure,  
Down the dark lonely valley of time,  
But the echoes will ever revibrate

Through the valleys of life's changeful clime  
And when life seems a tiresome journey,  
When pleasures we almost deny,  
I'll harken to the whispers still coming  
Of the Happy Days Gone Bye.

#### THE CIVIL WAR.

We can easily learn from History's page,  
How the Nation got mad and was all a rage;  
How the "Ship of State" divided her crew,  
And after quarreling, they fought it through.  
The waves of the Revolution had given her a shock,  
But never before had she struck such a rock.  
It divided her hull and severed her keel,  
And tattered her sails and ribs of steel.  
Ah! great was the struggle and terrible the fight,  
And many the souls that were called to their flight.  
The real cause that made such a thing to be  
Was surely the introduction of Slavery.  
The battles were many; the armies were strong,  
And each side thought that the other was wrong.  
The storm moved on with its terrible strength,  
Till it swept o'er the Union to all its length.  
After it passed over—an elapse of five years,  
A newly born nation now appears;  
And then, after all of the fears and the harms,  
The brothers made friends and laid down their arms.  
Oh! may they forever, though enemies once been,  
Decide such questions without so much sin.  
May He who e'er reigneth o'er the ocean and land,  
Pilot us to that harbor with omnipotent hand.

## THE ECLIPSE.

The sky was clear, the wind was low,  
The moon was fair and bright,  
The evening shadows darker grew  
At coming of the night;  
No sound was heard except the wind,  
While passing through the trees,  
And tinklings from the herd at graze  
Which came from o'er the leas.

A picture on the wall was made  
By trees so thick and green;  
Beneath each tree with branches low,  
A shady vault was seen;  
Across the meadows still and dark  
The streamlet calmly flowed,  
And like a diamond pure and bright  
Its silver waters glowed.

The light shone through the window-panes  
And painted on the wall,  
A picture with a back-ground fair  
Of trees that were so tall;  
Noiselessly down the wall it crept,  
The shadow and the light,  
While upward moved the moon in space  
In the heavens shining bright.

The moon rose high above the earth,  
The stars shone forth with praise;  
I thought of those in quiet sleep  
Beneath her silver rays;  
They dreaded not the coming time  
When shadows should appear,  
Nor woke to watch the light depart  
With trembling and with fear.

But lo! the shadow slowly came  
Upon the moon so fair,  
Her face was hidden from our sight,  
'Twas darkness everywhere;

At length it all did fade away  
And in the distance far,  
Was seen the glowing radiance  
Of a large and brilliant star.

'Twas God Almighty's handiwork  
In realms of bliss above,  
That tells us of His mighty power—  
A Savior's dying love,  
An emblem of the coming time  
When life shall be no more,  
When death has conquered every clime  
To Jordon's farther shore.

Oh! woeful creatures of this land,  
While hope survives with life,  
Remove, oh, quickly! from your souls.  
The Eclipse of sin and strife;  
Go to the Savior of the world,  
Who reigns o'er sea and land,  
And be ye saved forevermore  
By his almighty hand.

'Tis true that every one must die,  
Despite our wealth and strife,  
But by the grace of Christ the Lord  
We have Eternal Life.  
Then let our faces beam with light,  
Though mists and fogs do roam,  
That we may help some fallen one  
To reach the Heavenly home.

## TO THE BROOK.

When the long sultry days of the summer  
Are come to elongate the year,  
When the leaves of the willow are drooping  
In the heat of the atmosphere,  
When the voice of the song-bird is silent,  
And the hum of the reaper is still,  
Thou greetest with welcoming laughter,  
To partake from thy sparkling rill.

From out the shade of the branches low,  
Come forth all thy murmurs so sweet,  
And sparkling, bubbling o'er pebbles white,  
In echoes thy voices repeat:  
"Come on, thou weary and way-worn son,  
A welcome is given to thee,  
To take from the fountain of Nature rich  
A blessing that is purity."

A blessing thou art from the Father,  
Whose mercies thou shovest to men,  
And sweet are the songs thou singest  
In the silence of the dark, lonely glen.  
They soothe all the feelings of longing,  
They quicken the passion of love,  
And cause to vanish all the cares of earth  
By whispers of all things above.

A feeling of sublime comes over me,  
As I kneel to partake of thy wealth,  
And my soul, though heavy with burden,  
Is restored to enjoyment and health;  
For this is a moment when Nature,  
In all of her beauty most fair,  
Seems to speak to me of happiness,  
And a part of my sorrows to share.

I praise thee for healing my sorrows,  
For the lessons made known unto me,  
For the promise thy maker hath given,  
Of blessings through eternity;  
And trust that when'er I approach thee,  
Though burdened with life's toilsome ways  
I'll harmonize thoughts with thy laughter,  
In offering to God all my praise.



## MY LITTLE NEPHEW.

(IRL WEBB BROWN.)

To whose tender little heart these lines are most sacredly dedicated.

Sweet little bright-faced man, now do  
You know how much I think of you,  
With your tender little heart  
And the tears that I saw start  
When we knew we had to part  
For awhile?  
Do you know how much I miss,  
When you're way off now like this,  
Two little lips I used to kiss—  
And your smile?

I wonder if you've forgotten when we  
Played out under the old "Beech Tree,"  
With our windmill in the shade  
And the tunnel that you made  
With your little hoe and spade  
In the sand?  
And the time we raked the leaves  
To a heap like golden sheaves,  
When they got in Lowell's sleeves—  
Wasn't that grand?

Do you remember the time we rode  
On the big sled the day it snowed—  
You and Gran'ma Webb and I—  
Down the hill so steep and high?  
My! but didn't we make 'er fly  
Through the snow!  
Yes, and when I pulled the sled  
Up the road the time you said  
I was hauling a man that 'us dead—  
Don't you know?

How often I think of you, little man,  
And try to measure the tiny span  
That connects your heart and mine,  
As I trace the little line  
Of footsteps you have made to shine  
    On your way!  
And how oft my soul is led  
Into golden paths ahead  
Where your little feet shall tread  
    Some sweet day!

May you be happy, my dear little boy,  
Through childhood and youth—may many a joy  
    Greet your manly heart some day.  
May your life be pure, and may  
    *Truth* and *Beauty* be the way  
    You shall tread!  
May your tender life be spared  
Till life's blessings you have shared,  
Then may Heaven be declared  
    Upon you head!



## THE BOOK AGENT.

I think I've seed a heep o' folks  
With gab an' cheek an' jaw,  
But yesterd<sup>a</sup>y a feller plum  
Beet all I ever saw.  
An' talk about yer gumpshun er  
Yer gall er nerve er cheek—  
My stars alive! W'y that there man  
Could almost talk a streak.

He come up to the wood-pile there  
Where I'us a pickin on  
A piece o' hickry scantlin that  
I'd split out there fur John,  
An' so I says "good-mornin'," as  
I do to anyone  
Who comes up when I'm busy, an'  
With that, sir, he begun.

An', say, he was a caution!—he  
Wuz almost skin an' bones,  
An' poor an' bony lookin', most  
As Uncle Enoch Jones.  
But, nowthen, let me tell you, he  
Could almost talk a toon  
Fur, my, I guess he kep me there  
'Til way up long tords noon.

An' law!—them long fingers—w'y  
He run 'em through that book  
So plegged fast I think I must  
A plum forgot to look  
At what I wuz a buyin' then,  
But anyhow he said  
At that'n wuz the last'n an'  
He didn't have a "red"  
To git 'im any dinner er  
To keep 'im over night,  
An' so I thought to buy the thing  
'Ud be a doin' right.

Well now, I'll jis' be honest an'  
To make a story short,  
The feller's got my dollar, an'  
I reckon that he'd ort,  
Fur somehow that's my failin' when  
I'm makin' ov a trade—  
I'm most too easy satisfied  
An' easy to persuade.  
But you jis bet the next'n now  
'At comes along with books  
'Ill git 'is walkin' papers shore,  
I don't keer how 'e looks.  
If poor as "Job's ol' turkey," he  
Can jis' skeedadle on  
Fur when it comes to sellin' books  
I'm agent now fur one.

You ast me what the book's about?  
Well, now sir, I don't know—  
I 'us bit so plegged bad ye see  
I didn't darst to show  
The thing to Hannar Jane a tall  
Cause she'd jis raise "ol' Ned."  
An' so I sneaked off to the barn.  
An' there behind the shed  
I found a crack to poke 'er in  
An' there I'll let 'er stay  
Until some day when Hannar's gone,  
Er on some rainy day,  
I'll slip out there an' take 'er out  
An' see jis what she is—  
(I never b'lieve in doin' things  
Like that in such a fizz).

But say now, looky here, my friend,  
Don't mention this, an' say.  
Some mornin' when you git a chance  
You sneak across the way  
A actin' like you's huntin' fur  
A shoat, er say a cow—

(Of course yer stock's not over here)  
But then I'll wonder how  
The fence got down, an' then I'll say,  
"I guess we'd better look  
About the shed—she might be there,"  
An'—you can see that book.



## THE NEIGHBOR BOYS.

Sometimes when I git to thinkin'  
'Bout them good times, don't ye know  
My ol' soul jis gits so happy  
I can't stay here, so I go  
Way back down in Indiany,  
Whur the worl's plum full o' joys  
Fur a feller when e's playin'  
Down there with the neighbor boys.

Plegged if I can't purtny see 'em  
Playin' hide-an-seek an' ball,  
Skinnin' cats an' cethchin' lizards—  
Say, but that jis beats 'em all!  
Take a grass, ye know, an' loop 'em—  
Great big rusty feller—Say!  
Layin' on the fence a sunnin'—  
D'y'e ever cethch 'em that away?

Stars alive! w'y me an' Enus  
(He 'us Okes' boy, ye know)  
Ust to sneak off through the orchard  
So ol' "Major" couldn't go,  
An' we'd cethch two great big fellers—  
Bring 'em up there to the road—  
Hitch 'em up with strings an' see then  
Which could pull the biggest load.

Don't I wish I wuz back down there  
Doin' like we ust to do—  
Hullin' hick'ry-nuts an' walnuts,  
Er a puttin' off there through  
Hudson Ray's ol' woods a diggin'  
Ginseng jis for 'bout a day—  
Feller can jis think about it  
'Til it seems plum that away.

Sometimes when I git to musin',  
    Er a dreamin', I forgit  
What I started out to tell ye,  
    Maby I'll git to it yit.  
But ye know a feller's mem'ry  
    When she gits in runnin' trim  
Gits to guglin' an' a bublin'  
    'Til she's full plum to the rim.

Yes, w'y what I meant to tell ye,  
    Anyhow before I quit,  
Wuz the names ov all my playmates—  
    Think I recollect 'em yit.  
You can't fool me 'tall on faces,  
    But somehow on names I do  
Git mixed up an' can't remember  
    Allus when I'm wantin to.

Let me see now, there wuz Enus  
    (Recollect I mentioned him  
When I'us tellin' bout them lizards).  
Well, sir, he wuz allus slim,  
    An' as pore—you ort a seed 'im—  
    But right here I want to say  
When it come to games an' workin'  
    Bet yer boots he's there to stay.

Well, sir, Enus wuz a caution—  
    W'y I've seed that feller climb  
When the limbs 'ud be a crackin'—  
    I remember now one time  
When we's all a gittin' walnuts,  
    Enus got out on a limb  
An' the thing broke off, an'—goodness!  
    Like t' a been the last o' him!

But sir, don't you know that feller  
Kinder stood an' rubbed 'is shin  
Long enough to counted twenty  
Nen went up that tree again!  
W'y it peered like nothin' hurt 'im—  
Guess if he'd be in a wreck  
You 'ud see 'im out next mornin'  
With a rag around 'is neck.  
  
Onct when me an' him wuz fishin'—  
Well I guess I'll haft to stop  
Fur a feller's out there waitin'  
Now a wantin' in the shop—  
So you'll haft to stop some evenin',  
Er some rainy day perhaps  
Would be best, an' nen I'll tell ye  
All about them other chaps.



## LETTIN' LOOSE.

Now I do not think its logic  
Fur us all the time to be  
A strainin' every fibre  
Gittin' people to agree  
That they'd ort to be lots better  
Till we come to see the use,  
That 'afore they can be better  
They have got to let loose.

Now don't misunderstand me,  
I believe in high ideals  
That haven't been selected  
By the way a feller feels,  
An' I believe in puttin' forward  
All the best things for our use,  
But how can people choose 'em  
When they won't let loose.

I think a resolution,  
If its somethin' new and good,  
An' went to make us better  
An' to help the neighborhood;  
Before we can adopt it,  
Er can give it any use,  
Will make us feel there's something  
We had 'orter let loose.

I've just about concluded  
That the worst that's in this life  
Is not in hankerin' arter  
Wealth and things that make us strife,  
But it's kinder in the principle  
Of huntin' good for use,  
And with the bad we once have  
Knowin' how to let loose.

They's talk about conversion,  
And the Lord a savin' souls,  
An' I know the Lord can do it  
Cause he made 'em an' controls  
The savin', too, I reckon,  
But I think He sees the use  
Of makin' every feller  
Know he's got to let loose.

Course the hope we have of heaven  
Sure depends upon the grip  
A feller's got on Jesus—  
Er if he lets it slip—  
But when it comes to holdin'  
To the cross, it ain't no use  
To think that we can do it  
Till we let the devil loose.

It ain't so much the question  
Of the place we see ahead,  
Er why the Lord has done it;  
But I kinder think instead  
It's livin' every minute  
For a little bigger use,  
A pickin' up more good things  
And a lettin' bad uns loose.

## WHEN I 'US A LITTLE SHAVER.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,  
I guess about so high,  
They said I wuz a captain,  
But I couldn't see jes why.  
Of course I 'us sometimes naughty like,  
An' sometimes purty mean,  
But I don't think I 'us meaner though,  
'An other boys I've seen.  
Fur a boy amongst his playin' food  
Must have a little flavor,  
At least it 'us somewhat that a-way  
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,  
Of course like other chaps,  
I 'us allus doin' somethin' r 'nother  
'T I ortent to perhaps—  
A throwin' at birds, er makin' a fuss,  
Er maby a skinnin' a cat,  
An' most of the time a doin things  
Fur the boys to be laughin' at.  
Of course my mother didn't care  
Fur the trouble 'at I gave 'er,  
But Pap, you bet, 'ud settle up  
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver  
Pap allus told me I  
Must mind the teacher all the time,  
An' if I didn't, w'y—  
Well, say fur instunce now like this—  
Suppose I'd lick a kid  
Fur hitten me er cussin me  
Like Tommy Spartins did,  
An' the teacher she 'ud jerk me up  
An' show me special favor—  
Pap wuz apt to do the same  
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,  
In spite of fun an' glee,  
I had my ups an' downs ye know,  
An' hours of misery—  
Maby a stone-bruse on my heel.  
Er a big ol' rusty spike,  
Er a first-class yallar-jackets' nest—  
Guess you've hurd of the like.  
An' mother a sayin' in I'd just help  
So much hard work I'd save 'er.  
It wern't so much fun after all  
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,  
Although I 'us full of fun,  
I loved the birds an' hills an' trees  
As well as anyone.  
I loved to hunt the dandelion,  
An' climb the sarvis tree;  
I loved to find the sparrows' nest,  
An' watch the humble-bee.  
An' 'way down deep within my heart  
Wuz love that ne'er could waver,  
An' longings that could not be told  
When I 'us a little shaver.

## NEWTRALITY.

I never knowed a feller  
'At would try to keep half-way  
Between two sides an' argie,  
An' jis' grit his teeth an' stay,  
But what he come out worsted,  
Er before the thing wuz through  
He had to line up som'ers  
When he wusant wantin' to.

Of course, I hain't a faultin'  
Uv my neighbors fur their odds,  
Fur stayin' on the medder  
Stid o' walkin' on the clods,  
But when it comes to choosin'  
'Twix the sides of right an' wrong,  
They hain't no middle to it  
When it's tested good an' strong.

I don't much like the feller  
'At jis' follers with the crowd,  
An' won't start up a fury  
'Cept where some one else has plow'd.  
The people kinder run him,  
Fur you'll allus see 'im wait  
Before he'll make a motion  
'Til some feller sets the gait.

But he's a plain-out credit;  
Yes, a hundred times to one,  
If looked at sorter careful  
After all his work is done,  
To the pesky newtral feller  
'At won't foller, lead, ner stay,  
An' wants to hide his meanness  
By his keepin' jist half-way.

I'd ruther see him running  
Fur the woods with all his might,  
'Caze the bullets kinder whistled  
Closer 'n what he thought was right,  
Than to see a feller settin'  
Som'ers off a lookin' on,  
An' not enough o' manhood  
To enlist an' take a gun.

I know the Lord don't need him.  
Fur the Lord hain't got no place  
To put 'im in er keep 'im  
When he's finished all his race.  
'Caze they hain't but two eternals  
Fur the folks the Lord has made,  
An' they hain't no chums ner choices  
In 'em, neither one, ner grade.

A medium that's happy  
Is all good enough an' right.  
When harmony is needed,  
'Twixt extremes that seem to fight,  
But a light shirt in the summer  
An' a medium fer fall,  
With a heavy en' fer winter,  
Sure don't mean no shirt at all.

I think we'd better settle  
As to jist which side we'll take,  
While this ol' earth's a-standin',  
An' before she starts to quake,  
'Caze the Lord knows all about us,  
An' if we don't take our choice  
He'll haft to do it fer us,  
An' without our vote er voice.

## OUT IN PIKE COUNTY, INDIANA.

I hadn't seed Susanar  
Sence way long—let me see—  
When wuz the Sasination,  
Has it ben two year er three?  
Well, anyhow last August  
Susan kep a coaxin so  
I told Pearline I reckoned  
'At we'd try to fix and go.

Well, I couldn't blame Susanar  
Fur she'd allus ben the pet  
An' the baby of the fam'ly  
I jest somehow plum forgot  
'At she's grown to be a woman,  
Married off an' she and Ike  
Doin' well, I guess, a livin  
On a farm out here in Pike.

Doin' well, I guess, considerin'  
Way the times is—course they've had  
Some good luck this year I reckon,  
Nen agin they've had some bad—  
Long last spring in March er Aprile,  
Think it wuz—their baby died.  
Somehow ever sence Susanar  
Seems like can't be satisfied.

Pore thing wuz so glad to see us.  
Ike, he said we had to stay  
Two weeks anyway an' visit.  
Said he'd got in all his hay,  
"An they haint no use in talkin'  
Now," sez 'e, "you'll stay right here  
Tel you've had a good long visit  
Bein's ye had to come so fur."

While we's out there all the teachers  
Had a meetin' at Winslow—  
Sort of an institoot, I reckon.  
Ike, he put at me to go,

Said he'd take a sack of taters  
To the hotel there—nen we  
'Ud go an' set an' look an' lis'en  
Bein's the lecturin wuz free.

Course I never had much larnin,  
Never had a chance ye know,  
Fur they wern't much schools in my time,  
When they wuz we couldn't go.  
Allus somethin' needin' doin',  
So us youngsters had to root  
Fur our livin'—nen in them days  
Never hurd of an institoot.

Don't ye know I had no idy  
How much larnin 'at it took  
Now-a-days to git a feller  
So's to teach a boy a book.  
W'y they talked about persephshun,  
Home envirmunt an' the like,  
Mental growth an' sani—somethin'—  
Bet they've got fine schools in Pike!

W'y, pleg-on, they had a feller  
From way out in Ohio,  
Little bit of a puny shaver.  
My! but he's a smart un though.  
Wore nose glasses—say, you orter  
Hurd him lectur—I hurd one  
'At he give about some writer,  
Think he called him Tennyson.

Nen they had another feller  
Frum way out—well I don't know—  
Anyhow he taught 'em music,  
He's a regular monkey show;  
Curly headed—My! I reckon—  
Made me think of Isrel Hess  
When he said a piece that mornin'  
'Fore they dismissed fur recess.

Nen they had a right old feller,  
    Think he'd ben away out west—  
Had a magic lantern with 'im,  
    Guess that must a ben the best—  
Cause he'd had so much expurence,  
    Nen the old man seemed so nice,  
Head plum bal', an nice gray whiskers—  
    Shuck hands with 'im onct er twist.

Well, the feller who wuz bossin,  
    Er a runnin' of the thing,  
Wuz a caution—wisht you'd seed him.

When they all got up to sing—  
Plum bal' headed—well, I reckon,  
    Round the edge they wuz a few  
Stray light hairs and up on top, I  
    Think, perhaps, wuz one or two.

'Perd like I had seed the feller,  
    Any how so many times  
He made me think of that old feller  
    'At we called "Old Father Grimes."  
Best thing though I liked about 'im  
    Wuz the way he had his fun,  
Gettin' jokes off on the fellers  
    'At wuz doin' the lecturun.

Teachers! My! Old Pike has got 'em,  
    Mighty good 'uns, too, I ekspect.  
Ain't so monstrous ugly nuther  
    Think if I can rickolect,  
More espesuly the wimen—  
    Course the boys they never do  
Take much pains to fix I reckon—  
    Guess most everywhere's that's true.

Tell ye now, ef me an' Perlinie  
    Go agin to see Susan  
Think I'll write before and axem  
    Fur to find out, if they can,  
When they'll have another meetin,  
    So's to leave the farm with Mike,  
Nen I want to take it all in  
    Next time we go out in Pike.

## IT'S JIST WHAT'S IN 'IM.

It ain't so much a feller's clothes  
It ain't so much as to what he knows  
Er what he pays, er what he owes  
    Er what's agin 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

I b'lieve if it's in a man to do  
What God 'as planned out fur 'im to  
It ain't no use fur me ner you  
    To try to pin 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

If it's downright in a man to steal  
It won't be very long till he'll  
Do some devilment an' seal  
    The law agin' 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

Of course I know they's some who say  
That more 'an likely it's the way  
A feller's chances air—but they  
    Jist help begin 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

W'y I've seed horses long 'fore now  
'At wouldn't pull a pound, an' how  
You'd coax an' whop an' almost vow  
    You'd like to skin 'em—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

'Nen I've seed some pore ol' plug  
Jist git right down an' pull an' tug  
Until you'd purt'ny want to hug  
    Instead of gin 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

I don't know, I sometimes think  
When I see a man jist drink an' drink  
An' keep it up until he'll sink  
    Too low to win 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.

I may be wrong, but I'll tell you  
When I'm a huntin' a man that's true  
I want to look 'im through an' through  
    Before I chin 'im—  
    It's jist what's in 'im.



## SOWIN' ON BUTTONS.

Sowin' on buttons is  
Nothin' more  
Than fixin' what 'us  
Right before—  
In other words it's  
Gittin' back  
To where the thing first  
Flew the track.

Ye know they's lots o'  
People who  
Are jist that way in  
What they do.  
Instid o' grabbin'  
'Fore they slip  
They're allus patchin'  
What they rip.

And when they're doin'  
Jist their best  
They'se workin' harder 'n  
All the rest,  
An' don't see why er  
How they caint  
Be like their neighbors  
When they ain't.

I think they's whole lots  
Better use  
In keepin' things frum  
Bustin' loose,  
Than workin' hard as  
Ye can pelter  
A fixin' somethin'  
Out o' kelter.



THE SEWING PARSON.



If we'd do more to  
Fix things straight  
We'd not be allus  
Breakin' gait  
An' haft to work our  
Daylights out  
To get back where we  
Lost the route.

#### A BOOK PRESENTED TO A LADY FRIEND.

A X'mas gift I 'us meant to be,  
But some how, accidentally  
Or otherwise, I don't just know  
Exactly how it happened so,  
But rather think a letter went  
To where it wasn't to be sent  
And some how got things mixed up so  
I hardly knew just where to go.  
But as the letter's now in line  
I thought I'd come as a Valentine—  
Yet, be that as it may, I'm here  
With all the wishes of the year,  
Of X'mas time, of sleigh and sled,  
And all the good things done and said,  
Of hopes and resolutions made,  
And old ways broken—yes, and laid  
Forsaken in a heap at last  
With deeds and actions of the past—  
But I must not forget to tell—  
The one who wrapped me up so well,  
Before he'd let me come today,  
Made me promise that I'd say  
A word or two for him, and so  
He said, "Now when you go  
You take my kindest wishes too,  
And be a good book—now you do!"

## WON'T YOU BE ENLISTED?

A call for Christian soldiers!  
Do you hear the sound?  
Needed for the conflict,  
Where will they be found?  
Who will answer quickly,  
With a manly cheer?  
Won't you be enlisted  
As a volunteer?

### *Chorus—*

A volunteer for Jesus,  
A soldier true;  
Others have enlisted,  
Won't you be, too.  
Jesus is the captain,  
He will never fear.  
Won't you be enlisted  
As a volunteer?

Jesus wants your manhood,  
Your strength and power,  
Wants you in his service  
Every day and hour.  
He will not forsake you;  
He is ever near.  
Won't you be enlisted  
As a volunteer?

He wants you for he loves you  
With a heart most kind,  
That once was pierced and broken  
For all mankind.  
But now his voice is calling  
In an accent clear,  
Won't you be enlisted  
As a volunteer?

And when the war is over,  
And the victory won;  
When the roll is called in Heaven  
And we answer one by one,  
He will crown us with his glory,  
Mid the angel's music clear.  
Won't you be enlisted  
As a volunteer?

### CLOUD OR SUNSHINE.

Every sky that glistens with the golden day  
Meets with clouds of sorrow darkly o'er the way.  
If we are the sunshine clouds will quickly flee  
And the soul that met them will be light and free.

#### *Chorus—*

Are you cloud or sunshine in the world today?  
Are you spreading darkness or a golden ray?  
Has some heart been darkened by your cloud of sin?  
Have you been the sunshine, helping others win?

Sunshine would be brighter for us all the day  
If the clouds of darkness were all kept away.  
Why not be the sunlight, filling hearts with cheer,  
Driving far away the sorrow we meet here.

There are souls in darkness that might be made bright  
If those who are God's children would but shed some light;  
There are hearts all shadowed o'er by sin and shame  
Waiting for a sunbeam given in His name.

Let us then look upward for a golden gleam  
Out of heaven's sunlight 'till our faces beam;  
Then with hearts of kindness let us make while here,  
Lives of others brighter with our sunshine cheer.

## THE GOOD OL' "AIRLINE."

I jist thought while I'us a settin' here  
An' had nothin' else to do  
I'd write Jim a letter, best I could,  
Cause I kinder promised to,  
An' tell 'im about the circumstance  
Uv the farm sence he's ben 'way  
Fur Jim wuz allus a right good boy—  
But jist 'us I 'us a goin' to say—

I wern't born along no river  
Like so many fellers boast,  
Where the corn is all a taslin'  
An' a sparklin' in the frost—  
Dewberry vines in the medder,  
'Simmon tree on the hill,  
Cowslips an' the daises  
A noddin' fit to kill—  
But I'll tell ye what's the matter,  
Nice as any river flowed,  
Runnin' right a past my door, sir,  
Is the good ol' airline road.

I remember when they built it  
I 'us livin' on this farm  
Most o' people then condemned it  
('Bout the time I broke my arm).  
And they sed the people's taxes  
Would git bigger every day,  
An' it'd even scare the horses  
'Til they'd ever' one run 'way.  
Lots uv work it took to build it  
Through these hills an' hollers deep.  
But they dug and scraped an' blasted  
'Til they built er, don't you weep.  
Had to make some cuts an' bridges,  
Dig a tunnel, one or two,  
An', of course, it cost like sixty  
'Fore they got 'er put clean through.

Some folks never like to hear 'em  
Puff an' whistle by the door,  
But I kespect they'd start to grumble  
If they'd stop an' pass no more.  
Course I never like to idle  
All my time away—that's wrong,  
But I allus stop an' watch 'er  
When the passenchor goes along.  
An' I'll tell ye there is somethin'  
'Bout the train I love to see,  
An' about the river flowin'—  
That's the way it'll allus be.  
Menye a time I've run my best, sir,  
Jist to git to see the train,  
An' as old as I'm agittin',  
Yesterday I did agin'.

I remember I wuz plowin'  
When they fetched the letter home,  
An' they said that Jess wuz dyin'  
An' had rit fur me to come,  
An' I dropped my plow an' started—  
Tol' the chilern to onhitch,  
An' I heard the train a roarin'  
'Fore I'd hardly reached the switch—  
I 'us jist in time to ketch 'er  
As she went a rollin' out,  
An' my heart wuz jist plum broken,  
Yit my muscles did seem stout.  
An' the dear ol' train soon took me  
To the place where Jess wuz laid,  
Just in time to reach the bed-side  
'Fore my dearest son 'us ded.  
When he spoke—his eyes all starin'—  
Reached an' took me by the hand,  
Said, sez-e, "Dear Pap, I'm goin'  
On a train that's long an' grand."

When I ax'ed 'im if to heaven  
With a nod he shut his eyes,  
Then the spirit which I prayed fur  
Took it's flight into the skies.

Oh! how often when I'm weary,  
An' can hear the whistle blow,  
Comes the thought of that sad journey  
To my heart that's akin' so.  
But to me the "Airline Railroad"  
Is as dear as any stream  
As the rattlin, runnin' engine  
Passes like the swiftest dream,  
An' as long as I can listen,  
An' can hear the far-off roar,  
I shall wait to hear the whistle  
Of *that* train across the shore.



## KEEP IN SIGHT OF THE CROSS.

If you have burdens too heavy to bear,  
Keep in sight of the cross.  
If you want some one to help you them share,  
Keep in sight of the cross.

### *Chorus—*

Jesus is there with a heart that is true,  
Anxious to help you whatever you do.  
Hands once all pierced and bleeding for you,  
Keep in sight of the cross.

If you have sins unforgiven today,  
Keep in sight of the cross.  
If you want Jesus to take them away,  
Keep in sight of the cross.

If you would make of your failure success,  
Keep in sight of the cross.  
If your soul needs a true Savior to bless,  
Keep in sight of the cross.

Does the world show you no pity or love,  
Keep in sight of the cross.  
If you would live for a mansion above,  
Keep in sight of the cross.



## WHAT YOU DO FOR JESUS WILL BE GLORY BYE AND BYE.

Does your heart grow heavy  
With the task you have to bear?  
Do you feel discouraged  
With no answer to your prayer?  
Don't forget that some one  
Will remember when you try  
What you do for Jesus  
Will be glory bye and bye.

Every little kindness  
We have done for Him while here,  
Every smile of sunshine  
That we've scattered anywhere,  
Will be joys in heaven  
There awaiting you and I.  
What you do for Jesus  
Will be glory bye and bye.

Has your soul been burdened  
For a lost one to regain?  
Has your heart been aching?  
Does your labor seem in vain?  
No, the Master sent you  
And He heard your earnest cry,  
What you do for Jesus  
Will be glory bye and bye.

Some day when our labors  
Here are over, one by one,  
We shall live forever  
For the deeds that we have done.  
Pain we've felt will vanish  
When we see the city nigh,  
What we do for Jesus  
Will be glory bye and bye.

## GOD IS STILL CALLING YOU.

Though you may never have heard His voice,  
God is still calling you.

Though you have sought not to make Him your choice,  
God is still calling you.

If you have wandered in ways of despair,  
Still in His heart is a tenderest care,  
Blessings unnumbered that you may yet share,  
God is still calling you.

Years passing swiftly no answer has come,  
God is still calling you.

Some day He'll bid those He loves to come home,  
God is still calling you.

If you now turn from His mercy away  
He will deny you in heaven some day.  
Will you, oh brother, come now while you may,  
God is still calling you.

Long you have sought the rough pathway of sin,  
God is still calling you.

Do you not feel there is pardon within,  
God is still calling you.

Open your heart to His tenderest plea—  
Sinner, that voice has been calling for thee,  
Happy in heaven forever to be,  
God is still calling you.

Will you not answer His pleading tonight?  
God is still calling you.

Will you not enter the battle for right?  
God is still calling you.

Satan will leave you if you will obey,  
Jesus will take all your burden away,  
Heaven will greet your glad soul some sweet day,  
God is still calling you.

## DON'T FORGET THAT JESUS LOVES YOU.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,  
In the busy walk of life  
When the weary hours of toil so crowd the way;  
When the path is steep and rugged  
And the burden seems so great,  
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

### *Chorus—*

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,  
Don't forget the tender heart  
That bled for you and washed your sins away;  
Don't forget that He is near you  
With His bleeding hands and side,  
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you  
When the tempter bids you yield,  
When the hosts of sin have met you in array;  
Don't forget that Jesus met them  
And will save you from them all,  
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you  
When afflictions press you hard,  
When the hand of death is bidding you obey;  
Just remember He is with you  
And will lead you gently through,  
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,  
Brother, in you sin and woe,  
For He longs to cast your darkness all away;  
Don't forget that you must meet Him  
When the judgment day shall be,  
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.











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